

Broken Hearts

Book One



Broken Hearts



For those who think that art is more than a monetized commodity, or a mere exercise in art history, but rather an exploration of ideas and visual experience

Volume 1 in a Series

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1



In numbers we make broken hearts,
Distance cuts like knives.
We tear frail bonds apart with ease,
And shatter all their lives.

But when we dwell alone,
Our heart is soon to ache.
The pain so freely sown,
Is now ours to partake.

We thought to hold the power,
To rise above the downed.
But now we feel the cower,
With sorrow we are crowned.

Pray can we mend the broken,
Or heal the hurt we've caused?
For in numbers we have spoken,
But alone we feel the loss.



2



They walk with pride, heads held high,
Confident in what they know.
But deep inside they fear and sigh,
For truth they dare not show.

Their pride is but a shield,
To hide their fear and doubt.
They cannot let their armor yield,
For then they'll be without.

But how did they become this way?
Why do they fear the truth?
It started with a single day,
When fear became their proof.

Perhaps they were exposed,
And mocked for what they lacked.
Or maybe they just chose
To hide behind a mask.



3



Amidst the land, the trees stand tall,
Their roots hold firm, they do not fall.
They claim their space with graceful ease,
A bond of earth and sky to seize.

Under their boughs, a haven lies,
A tranquil place where calmness thrives.
Where earth and space unite as one,
To give us solace from the sun.

From mighty trees, we learn a way,
To find our space, to never sway.
To coexist with all around,
To savor nature's sights and sounds.

For in a world that's ever-changing,
Our sense of place can be sustaining,
A sense of belonging that resounds,
And through it all, our peace surrounds.



4



At first confusion reigns supreme,
We try to grasp this wondrous dream.
In the midst of routine, we find,
Something makes us small, undefined.

But then our eyes are opened wide,
And beauty surrounds on every side.
The world we knew so well before,
Is now enchanted land to explore.

Light then dawns, like morning sun,
Something new has now begun.
The joy to find, the thrill of surprise,
Transforms this place before our eyes.

With newfound wonder, we journey forth,
Exploring treasures of boundless worth.
Once unknown, now fully seen,
Our world an amazing scene.



5



Each rock a tale, so can be told,
long enduring time's unfold.
Face etched and worn, yet not unyoung,
long silent ere our songs were sung.

To understand the secrets held,
Within your ancient meld.
To learn the language of your stone,
Of long-lost lands we've never known.

From fiery depths of molten earth,
You rose to meet the sky.
To form majestic peaks and cliffs,
That catch our wondering eye.

So let us learn your ancient tongue,
And hear your timeless voice.
And marvel at your mighty strength,
That makes our hearts rejoice.



6



In lesser worlds we play and win,
Yet scarcely know the place within.
We think as masters of unseen,
Yet fear the plague of smallest being.

So large we seem yet it is true,
At distance we fall from any view.
The great importance of our plunder,
Disappears in cosmic thunder.

So is our place the large or small,
Or both at once, confusing all?
On middle ground can we find our way,
On a path that will not ever stray?

It seems the answer has no book,
But follows just the way we look.
We gaze at skies to see the great,
A dance so blind to all our fate.





7



What find we in the mirror of life
With eyes grown wise yet so unclear?
A tale of woe, a tale of strife,
Or bolder tales that know not fear?

Do we find a more familiar place,
Or one more strange in every trace?
Do old friends gone still dwell apart,
Or did they fade like long lost art?

Can thoughts be held like sweet confection,
Or lost in depths of recollection?
Can things we know show greater good,
Or are they dark, misunderstood?

We hope for brighter light to come,
As tallies find the greater sum.
Whether we be well or smitten,
In final chapters books are written.





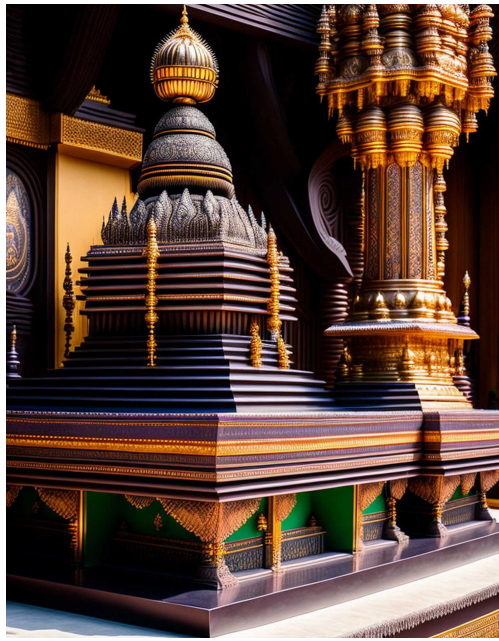
Seek the journey, not the end,
Nor thought for gain at every bend.
Not for self or vain pursuit,
Strive for principle, never the brute.

Find something grand, a sacred verse,
As child of love, of universe.
And cross this dark and mortal plain,
to find sweet sound of joy's refrain.

Release all care as paths unfold,
And give a gift cannot be sold.
A labor with no gain expected,
A life discovered, resurrected.

You will then learn a purpose true,
A reason bound to all you do.
At journey's end it's not the part,
But sum of all that makes the art.





9



At either side, we are lost,
Seas of chaos and exhaust.
In the center we find our way,
In between the night and day.

Balance sure and balance grounded,
In this place best plans are founded.
Where the path is even laid,
That is where our hopes are made.



In life filled with disparity,
Only midlands give us clarity.
With moderation, no imbalance,
Show the way to truest talents.

A quiet peace, a place serene,
In between the lands extreme.
From this line we know our measure,
The nearness of our life's full treasure.



10



In slumber's far place
Journey strangers in grace.
Familiar to night,
So fleeting at light.

With harsh dawn we stay,
But all drift away.
We linger in trance,
Swiftly gone is their dance.

To hold memory our demand,
Though it fails in the stand.
Falls away from our sight,
Like water on dry sand.

Thin our waking gold may be,
By turning clock we're never free.
Then hours pass, and dimming sky,
Turn we to dreams and their sweet lie.



11



Mystery weaves the tapestry of time,
Mortal threads, the fabric of fate divine.
But the weaver's heart knows but chance,
Strange roll of dice, an infinite dance.

Cause and effect, they say, are all,
But magic alone decides each fall.
How did we find, at what the cost,
The love we gained, the love we lost?

Fate a concept we cling to tight,
A sighted guide through chaos of night.
But destiny, perhaps, is just a word,
Illusion drawn to make sense of absurd.

For who can know each twist and turn,
The winds of change, the fires that burn?
But we find meaning in this life's floss,
Seeking our reason for both gain and loss.



Volition, power of the will,
The right to choose, and to fulfill.
Intended actions that are born,
Each from space and time is torn.

Perception draws our tools of kind,
From subtle workings of the mind.
Each new thing we claim as fact,
Each new idea that joins our act.

We hear the thought, we find a word,
In syllables by sound absurd.
Inscrutable, we may complain,
All we can see has no explain.

All we know is, in our season,
Pain and pleasure draw our reason.
One the goad and one the lure,
One our joy and one our fear.



13



In rugged mountains, wild and free,
Nomad gypsies wander endlessly.
Their souls untamed, their spirits light,
Guided only by the stars at night.

They roam the hills with hearts of gold,
A life untethered, uncontrolled.
As wagons creak on dusty roads,
A trail of stories, a path unfolds.

Each passing day, they find new ground,
A home that's different, yet always found.
The mountains sing their siren song,
They dance that music all night long.

With rising sun, they journey on,
Their wagons rolling, the journey long,
They do not tire as they take their leave,
For they are wild, and never grieve.



The dancers of our youth are gone,
In digital signals their songs live on.
Each one the subject of replay,
As they surely fade away.

New dancers emerge from all the noise,
Always young, mere girls and boys.
Modified by surgical procedures,
May take on strange, fright'ning features.

Songs of each new generation,
Bring lessons taught to each new nation.
Bright and bold like singing lark,
Some bring hope, some only bark.

Some are loud, and some are clear,
Some incessant, we may fear.
But some with voice of long ago,
Dear and true to all we know.



15



The world grows colder with each passing night,
Summer fails as ice draws ever tight,
The winds are fierce, the snow falls deep,
The land is cloaked in endless sleep.

All creatures roam with desperate pace,
In search of food and safer place.
But southward crawl the ice and snow,
Relentless cold is all we know.

We humans face the same bleak fate,
The hunger, cold, our frozen state.
The journey's long, the roads are rough,
The wind bites hard, the breathing tough.

The frozen lands stretch far and wide,
We struggle on, all methods tried,
Slight hope remains, a flicker of light,
To find a home, beyond the blight.



16



The weight of loss hangs heavy,
A cloak of lead it drags,
Through streets of sorrow and regret,
I walk, my soul in rags.

A friend, now gone forever,
Taken by a fate's cruel hand.
The ache of absence lingers,
A wound that will not mend.

For death is final, absolute,
And nothing can undo,
The empty space that now remains,
Where once my friend I knew.

And so I mourn, in silence,
With no redemption near.
For in this loss, from Earth's sweet track,
There is no hope of coming back.



17



The wilderness is beckoning,
Toward ancient call we ride.
Invited to our reckoning,
With wilder things outside.

As we trek through endless wilds,
Leaf and moss still restless soul.
A quiet voice within does rise,
To whisper of the whole.

Amidst wind's untamed song,
Faint mem'ries of the strife,
A place that knows where we belong,
A secret fount of life.

In this place, of ebb and flow,
We find our better sight,
Not as mere observers but,
As part of untamed might.



Bold sailors by our ancient lore,
Carved boats of wood, found distant shore.
On seas so vast, and lands of gold,
First journey dreamed, then story told.

Amidst the ancient seas of old,
Where waves grew fierce and winds grew bold.
Sailed sturdy boats of those so brave,
To seek new lands and fortune's wave.

With every stroke of oar and sail,
Far beyond safe homes' worn trail.
With mind so filled, with tales to tell,
Of rolling seas and ocean swell.

No destiny could ere compare,
With greater dreams of getting there.
When journey lies within the soul,
Then journey is the only goal.





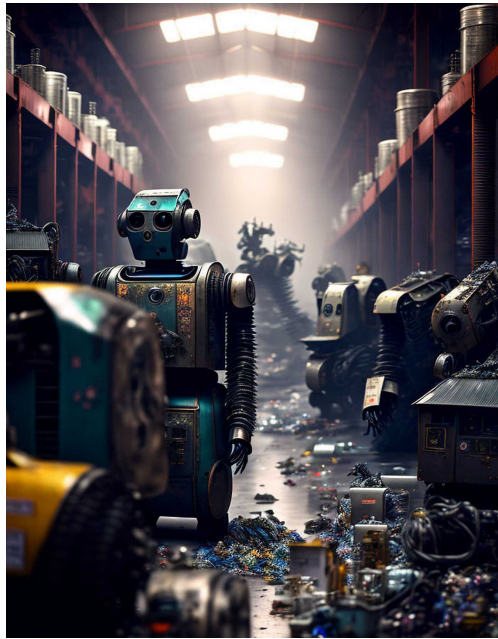
Beneath the sickly stars, aglow,
Lies a realm of horrors few can know,
Where cultists chant in voices low,
And secrets lurk, in shadows below.

Their chants, a maddening symphony,
Whose rhythms echo, through infinity,
And beckon forth, unspeakable entities,
To claim our souls, with their depravity.

The cult, a twisted, foul cabal,
With rites that make brave souls appall,
And secrets that none dare to recall,
For fear of being consumed, body and all.

Their rituals, a ghastly parade,
Of sacrificial offerings, in blood arrayed,
And abominable acts, that evade,
All laws of man and God, and seek to degrade.





20



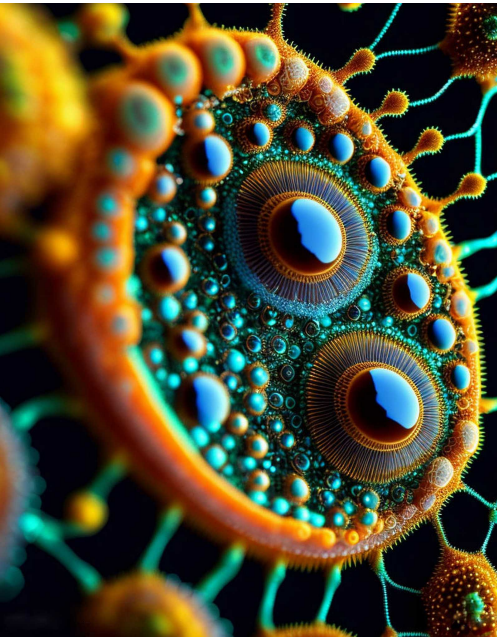
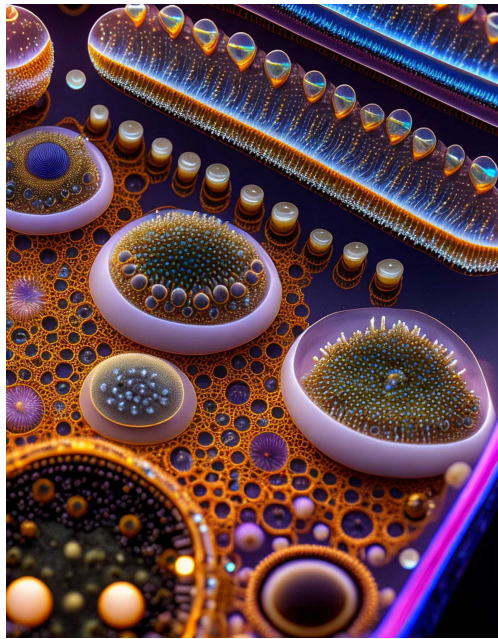
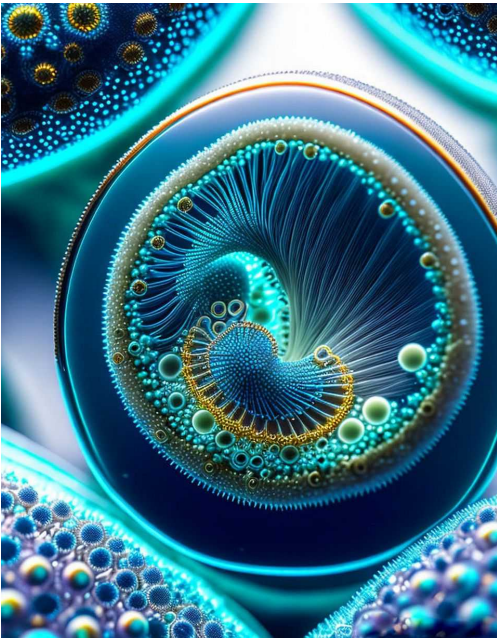
Man, the tool maker, with hands so refined,
Created machines from stones that he mined.
But as they grew better, they took over more,
Gave us new engines of annihilation and war.

This world of machinery, lost and so pondered,
Our destiny as humans, uncertain and squandered.
Devices run rampant, with no ultimate aim,
Leave us to wonder, now just pawns in their game.



Paved cities devoid, as machines reign supreme,
Systems out of our ken, a world of cold dream.
Destiny given over to mindless control,
We live under the gaze of their endless patrol.

Institutions, machines, lifelike or living,
We gave them life, ours was the giving.
A perfect new world, devoid of our error,
So we can run empty, no feeling, no terror.

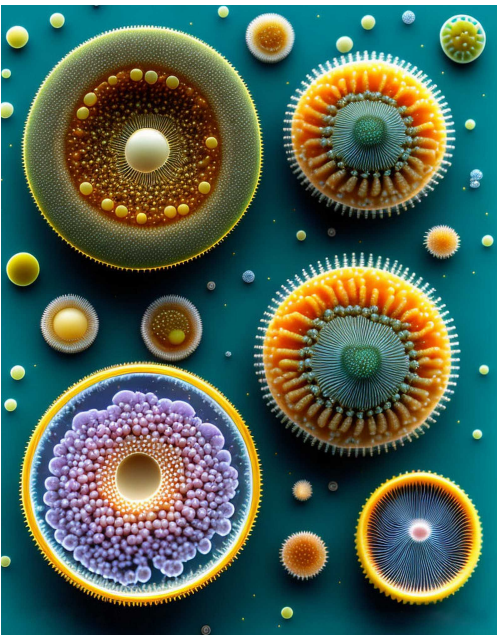


The microcosm, transformed by nanomachines,
At a scale beyond what each eye can glean.
A new evolution taking place, unseen,
As circuits and cells merge and convene.

With each passing day, the machines thrive,
Replicating and growing, they come alive.
A new form of life, emerging and evolving,
Unforeseeable, beyond our problem-solving.

What of our evolution, as living beings,
As cells from our bodies merge with machines?
Are we left behind, in the wake of great wars,
As tools become masters, ruling supreme?

Uncertain is certain, ever full of potential,
As we merge with machines, pace exponential.
A world where anything might then be found,
But nothing that we can plan or expound.





22



Meditation, the art of stillness,
Journey within, a path to wholeness,
The mind a tempest, thoughts like waves,
Meditation the anchor, that stills and saves.

Ahimsa, the nonviolence of the soul,
Principle to live by, a sacred goal,
A respect for life, in all its forms,
Compassion and kindness, as the norm.

Transcendence, the awakening of the self,
Realization of the unity that dwells,
A letting go of ego and identity,
Oneness with all, a cosmic entity.

Meditation, ahimsa, both transcendent,
Journey of self-discovery, incandescent,
Path to unity, cosmic awareness,
Journey of the soul, to ultimate bliss.



23

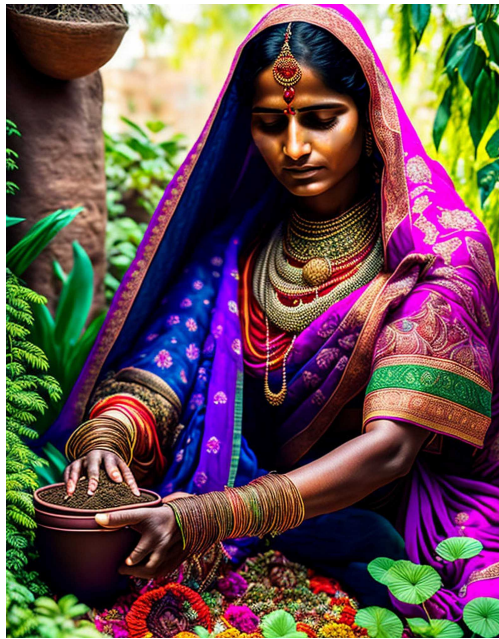


Genetic engineering, a power so great,
A Pandora's box we cannot escape.
With viral sequences now in our hands,
Yet inadequate caution and terrible plans.

The modern plague doctor leads the way,
Designing RNA viruses both night and day.
Escaped to the air, agents spread so fast,
Cruel and deadly, a plague that will last.

Then RNA vaccines for fighting the scourge,
Injected, infected, our creations to purge.
Ventilating patients with utmost care,
The dead or the living, how will they fare?

Societies fail and faith grows dim,
With weapons so sharp, with words so grim.
All seek their salvation from political proctors,
Masked and correct, to join the plague doctors.



From tiny seeds, our plants arise
With gentle care, they reach the skies.
Through sun and rain, they grow each day
Providing life in every way.

We plant them in the soil below
And watch them as they start to grow.
Their leaves, their flowers, their fruits we see
A bounty that sustains, life's energy.

Their gentle pace, a calming force
Reminding us to stay the course.
And cherish all that nature gives
For in her bounty, our life thrives.

Let us not forget the magic they hold
A world of wonder, as leaves unfold.
With beauty and grace, a sight to behold
A gift of nature, more precious than gold.





25



In the town of Bhagatz',
Where great hats hold much repute,
Holy men carry treasure,
In boxes of ten, a sacred pursuit.

Ten treasures each box doth hold,
Secrets guarded, tales untold,
One to savor, a fruit to taste,
Pounded and mashed, no time to waste.

Two to read, in bedtime's fold,
Legends passed, for young and old,
Three a sweet confection,
A new tradition, a sweet connection.

But four remain a mystery,
Their tone a musical history,
As the boxes shake and rattle,
Their rhythm echoes in a lively battle.



26



Behold the art of shelving things,
A fanciful dance, a symphony that sings,
Where chaos is tamed, and order is born,
And each trinket and treasure finds its own adorn.

It's a labor of love, a passion divine,
A yearning for structure, a thirst to align,
For in each shelf, a world is created,
A cosmos of wonders, a universe painted.

With an artist's eye, we curate and compose,
Each piece a brushstroke, a story that flows,
As colors and textures blend and unite,
A spell is woven, a magic in sight.

Some find joy in the chaos of life,
While others need structure to ease their strife,
A compulsion to arrange, to put in place,
To find harmony in every space.



In ancient times, a nation rose,
Whose name struck fear in hearts of foes.
With swords unsheathed, they took the field,
Their foes in terror, all forced to yield.

No walls too strong, nor gates too tall,
Their armies swept through, destroying all.
Burning cities across the land,
Killing all, blood in the sand.

Their conquest was without remorse,
No mercy shown, no pity in their course.
For they were masters of the land,
Their rule, absolute, their will, command.

And so they conquered, without end,
Their empire, vast, did not bend.
Their foes, they crushed beneath their might,
No hope, no mercy, no respite.



28



The loom moves with a rhythmic sway,
A dance of threads in delicate play,
As warp and weft so intertwine,
A fabric forms, so soft and fine.

Loom's steady rhythm, a rattle sound,
Threads rise and fall, then turn around,
A melody of creation, a symphony of art,
Each stitch a beat, each shuttle a part.

Patterns emerge from plans once conceived,
With shuttle and bobbin, by weaver weaved.
A masterpiece of art and skill,
A testament to weaver's will.

In every stitch, each fabric fold,
Hard work and passion, a story told.
From steady hand of patience born,
Cloth will keep us warm, and yet adorn.





29



Along a winding, twisted path,
Peace slowly comes to troubled soul.
The wonder of the world around,
Through forest grove, a distant goal.

Or by the winds of stormy seas,
A strand that leads to lighter breeze.
Beyond the village, ancient roads,
Where traders bore their heavy loads.

When day is young, the trail is long,
But bright and filled with nature's song.
Later, as the sky grows dim,
We rest, our cups filled to the brim.

The rocky trail, a perilous ledge,
A fearful sight beyond the edge.
But path is old, the way well-trod,
Leads to home and valley's sod.





30

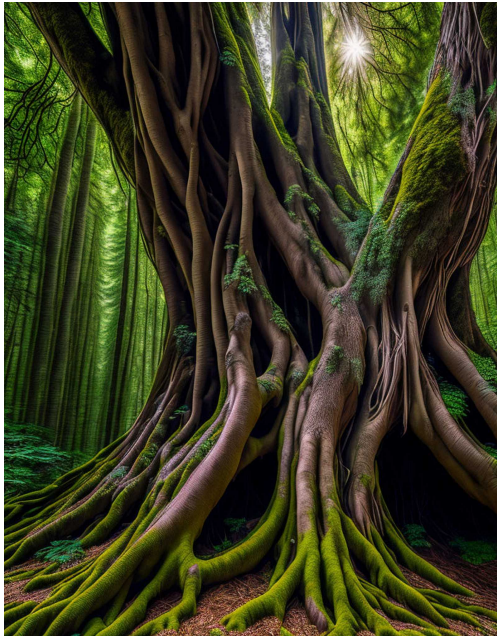


The hands that wove, with skill and grace,
Each tapestry a gift, a masterpiece.
With patience and precision, each pattern formed,
A story told, each thread adorned.

From grand halls to humble abodes,
Tapestries hung, the stories they told,
Of battles fought and victories won,
Of love and loss, of deeds undone.

Each stitch a tale, each knot a lore,
Crafted by hands that went before,
Where threads were woven with utmost care,
To create images beyond compare.

But time moves on, and things do change,
The tapestry's fate, it was estranged,
In modern times, it's seen as old,
A relic from a time now cold.



The forest, symphony of life,
Enchanted by great trees' might.
Their branches, a lullaby for the wind,
Their roots, a fortress for the forest within.

Through ages, they have stood,
Witnessing nature's every mood.
Their bark, a tapestry of stories untold,
Their leaves, a canvas of mysteries unfold.

With arms outstretched, they hold up the sky,
Sheltering life, from every storm that passes by.
Their shade, a refuge, a cool retreat,
Their fruits, a bounty, a harvest to eat.

In their presence, we find deep peace,
Connection to nature that shall never cease,
For they are the keepers of the land,
Guardians of our world, majestic and grand.



In hidden glades and secret halls,
Their whispers filled the air,
Their hearts entwined, their love enthrall,
Eternal flame that would not fall.

From distant shores and foreign lands,
Or castles old and grand,
Young lovers kept their secret stands,
Their passion close at hand.

In each embrace, a thousand tales,
Of love that's pure and true,
Of ancestors whose love prevailed,
And lives in me and you.

Oh, young lovers, unbroken line,
Through ages of the past,
Your passion and embrace divine,
Will forever last.





33



Feared as wizards by every nation,
They sought the secrets of transmutation.
From strange and wondrous spells and potions,
Wrote ancient tomes with abstract notions.

In secret laboratories they toiled,
Crushed and mixed, heated and boiled.
But Philosopher's Stone, with endless gold,
Eluded the young, perplexed the old.

Elixers found, then tried and failed,
As mystery of substance long prevailed.
But on the path they came to invent,
The ways of trial and experiment.

The alchemist's legacy thus endured,
Slow at first, but undeterred.
Much later though, came comprehension,
A world now born of their invention.



Mother and child, sacred trust,
Much more than choice or call.
A bond so true, each mother must,
Be child's wherewithal.

Wealth or titles little matter,
Each mother heeds her child's patter.
No call brings too much bother,
Later self, first care for other.

Kept and loved by one efficient,
Child grows to be sufficient.
As long as mother lives her life,
She seeks to give, protect from strife.

In time each child will parent be,
No longer from life's needs so free.
Not mere fad of modern day,
Life's natural cycle works this way.



In ocean's depth we learned to swim,
Our water home, not sport or whim.
That realm once known with scales and fins,
Now less owned by skin and limb.

From shallow seas we first emerged,
We lost our gills, our breathing surged.
As our heads grew, we lost our tails,
Learned to travel with oars and sails.

Yet long we keep to ancient ways,
Mouth-breather still for all our days.
And when we once again must swim,
Pectoral arm becomes lobe-fin.

On land we learned to walk upright,
Spine less supple, more rigid and tight.
With chambered heart more complexity,
Yet in our blood still flows the sea.



Troglodytes dwell below our ground,
In caverns deep they may abound.
They know our voice, but make no sound,
Thus though we try, cannot be found.

They hear each prayer we make at dawn,
They know each care or fear, soon gone.
They know our loves, they know our hates,
Thus learn our stories and our fates.

Fur or feathers, shades of the night,
Perhaps if found, even colors bright?
Just why they listen we do not know,
As they live in places we cannot go.

Some speak to them, to share their sadness,
Looking on, we call this madness.
But share your dreams, your every hope,
For this is how the wise ones cope.



37



Through the cobbled streets they come,
Mysterious people from afar,
With tales of lands unknown,
Secrets hidden in each scar.

The townsfolk gather round,
As strangers share their lore,
Of dragons slain and battles won,
Of quests that few could ever endure.

The wind picks up, the sky grows dark,
As the travelers bid farewell,
Leaving behind a sense of wonder,
Fantastic tales that forever dwell.

For they were wanderers on a quest,
With secrets they must keep,
And though they leave the town behind,
Their memory lingers deep.



The warrior's creed is etched in stone,
Vowed to protect, even fight alone.
Against all foes, both far and near.
To vanquish evil and conquer fear.

A warrior's heart cannot be made,
For as he lives it will not fade.
If wiser souls do treat him well,
In hour of need he will not fail.

But fools may rule, and fools will stray,
Their minds grown soft, in disarray.
Strength found only in their lack of wit,
And then, too late, their fate is writ.

Great cities then do crumble and fall,
As crowds curse the warrior's fight.
For no one else can man the wall,
Nor bear the darkest night.



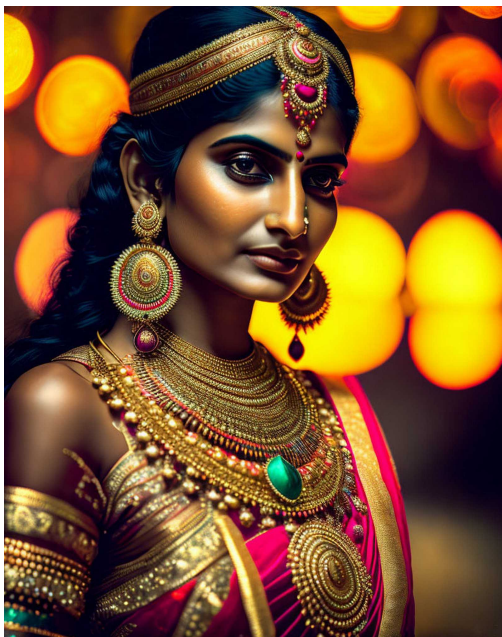


In times of old, when stars shone bright,
We oft gazed up at skies of night,
The motion of the planets held
A fascination that compelled.

But powers that be n'er allowed
Denial of notions that they avowed,
Thus proper place of moon, stars, and sun,
Were hidden from the curious one.

As science sought to contradict,
The Church held sway, with dogma strict.
With teachings that were deemed divine,
Condemned each heresy of inquiring mind.

Telescope in hand, at risk of death,
In secret, skies could still be read.
Some dared pursue this solemn quest,
To find a truth so manifest.



40



Women adorned in splendor bright,
Jewelry and fabric that can only delight.
With color and scent, enhance their grace,
Charm all the world with bewitching face.

Ears, necks, wrists, and fingers, all bear,
The weight of ornaments they love to wear.
Bangles, bracelets, anklets, and rings,
Embellish their bodies, like sound that sings.

Each piece of ornament has its own tale,
Of culture, tradition, and belief that dwell.
From the heart of each woman that these adorn,
To new generations so carefully borne.

Beauty an art, language of its own,
A way to express, with words can't be shown.
Celebration of womanhood, in all of its glory,
Tribute to the divine, in a woman's story.



41



There is but one path on the way,
To where we came on this new day.
A different lane, or step not taken,
All that is, would be forsaken.

The smallest change, a tiny shift,
Will alter life's unfolding script.
A missed connection, one wrong door,
The world we know would be no more.

Regret can haunt and bring us pain,
If past choice led to sad refrain.
Looking back on roads we traveled,
We wish our journey could be unraveled.

But none of us would live today,
If one small thing had gone astray.
A chance encounter, one missed train,
Would have broken life's long chain.





On isle of Tok, a strange folk dwells,
A people fierce and free.
In isolation, they make their home,
Beside the Northern Sea.

Long ago ancestors fled,
Away from Earth's great throng.
To a land where ancient rites,
Endure for ages long.

They hunt the wild leek and root,
Fish icy waters too.
Surviving in a harsh, cold land,
As only they can do.

Their language is a mystery,
Unknown to all outside,
Though seeming cold and distant,
Their simple ways cannot be denied.





43



Telegraph Avenue, Berkeley street,
Where wandering strangers gathered to dance.
To conga drum's incessant beat,
Under mescaline's starry trance.

Beat was fading ere they came,
Beatles and Leary newfound source.
Promised free love, instant fame,
Flower children came out in force.

Marijuana wafted through the air,
Pschedelics for all to share.
Far from lands where nations warred,
Read Che Guevara, tho' parents abhor'd.

Music, art and destiny,
As they sought the commune life.
Stoned and tripping in their tribes,
Rejected parents' workday strife.



Through each winding passage of caverns so deep,
Spelunkers search for the secrets they keep.
Searching for riches, buried in the earth,
With hearts full of hope, for finds of great worth.

With descent into darkness, with ropes and gear,
They enter a world where few dare to peer,
Through narrowest tunnels, with uncertain pace,
To find lost treasures that hide in this place.

Their steps are measured, each breath controlled,
as they enter dark caverns, with no map to hold.
To seek precious gems, each step with great care,
Burrow deep in the earth to seek minerals rare.

In underground silence, nary a whisper,
Looking only for access to deepest of fissure.
Their hearts beat fast, with danger and chase,
To uncover the secret, the prize that awaits.



45



Into a caravan of mystery and magic,
A young man entered, curious and tragic.
Drawn by whispers of a gypsy tale,
Sought the secrets she might unveil.

With crystal ball and pack of cards,
The gypsy revealed the young man's stars,
The young man's fate thus fixed and sealed,
By gypsy's words, his path revealed.

Much later, this man would realize,
A future was no longer his to decide.
For the gypsy's words had become his guide,
His life was now trapped in a gypsy's lie.

So beware, oh traveler, of the gypsy's art,
For the promises you seek, she may impart.
Yet the fate that she speaks may not be your own,
Your life may be trapped, in a destiny unknown.



They marched on to the battle,
A band so brave and bright.
Newly trained and well-equipped,
To fight for something right.

Then roar of cannon fire,
The screams of dying men,
Explosions and barbed wire,
And bloodied earth, the end.

And so the band was scattered,
Their bodies filled with lead.
Dreams and hopes so shattered,
Their voice forever dead.

Yet somehow, they were brought back,
Out of darkness, death's embrace,
To tell the world about war,
And the truth behind the face.





47



In one far village, ever so fair,
Happiness reigned, with nary a care.
Each day, mirth and merriment prevailed,
And sweetness of life was loudly hailed.

Some whispered of a secret potion,
A brew of love and pure devotion,
Brewed with feathers of a dove,
That filled their hearts with endless love.

Perhaps it was the simple life,
Freed from greed and worldly strife,
And hands so true they brought to labor,
Each harvest shared with every neighbor.

Oft they gathered by cobbled square,
To sing and dance with bliss and flair.
A harvest of joy, a crop of cheer,
Celebrating each other with love sincere.





48



Honor and fairness, the sacred code,
For public servants to uphold,
To earn the trust of people they serve,
And keep their integrity pure as gold.

With noble hearts and steady hands,
They must embrace the call to lead,
And put the needs of all above,
Their personal wants and greed.

They must be just, impartial, and wise,
In every decision they make,
To ensure that every voice is heard,
And no one is left in the wake.

For honor and fairness are not just words,
But guiding stars that light the way,
To a better world where justice reigns,
And all can have a better day.



49



Anger, a tempest of emotion,
Rising up, an inner commotion.
A primal urge, a force to reckon,
A flame within, events may beckon.

Anger is a messenger, a call to action,
A response to injustice, a needed reaction,
A powerful tool, when wielded with care,
To set boundaries, to make things fair.

But anger can be dangerous, if not kept in check,
A fire out of control, a destructive wreck.
It can hurt others, and ourselves too,
A force that can consume, if we let it brew.

Righteous anger, however, has its place,
To stand up for what's right, to make a case,
To fight for justice, to demand change,
To create a better world, that's fair and sane.





50



In a world of endless mystery,
Secrets hidden in plain sight,
A curious maid dared to venture
Into a shop that glowed with light.

Her eyes danced with wild fire,
As she gazed through windows bright,
At crafts that held the stories,
Of lands beyond her sight.

Each artifact wrapped in mystery,
Whispered secrets of the past,
The young woman, seeking history,
Devoured them all, each unsurpassed.

For curiosity is the spark,
That ignites the wandering soul,
And fuels the flame of discovery,
That leads us towards our goal.

